Wm Montague

Scarronides:

OR,

Le VIRGILE Travesty.

A Mock-Poem.

Being the First Book of *Virgils Æneis* in *English*, *Burlesque.*

Charles Cotton

Non minimum est insignitèr ineptire.

PLIN. EP.

Imprimatur,

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To the READER.

THE Reader is desired, for the better comparing of the Latin *and* English *together, to read on forward unto the ensuing Letter of Direction, before he compare the former with the Original.*

LE VIRGILE TRAVESTY.

(a) I *Sing the man*, (read it who liſt,
A *Trojan*, true, as ever piſt)
(b) Who from *Troy* Town, by wind & weather
To *Italy*, (and God knows whither)
Was packt, and wrackt, and loſt, and toſt,
And bounc'd from Pillar unto Poſt.
(c) Long wandred he through thick & thin,
Half-roſted now; now wet to'th skin;
By Sea and Land; by Day and Night;
(d) Forc'd (as 'tis ſaid) by the Gods ſpite:

(a) *ARma virumq; cano,* (b) Trojæ *qui primus ab oris*
Italiam, *fato profugus*, Lavinaque *venit*
Littora c multum ille & terris jactatus, & alto
(d) *Vi Superum,*

Although the wiſer ſort ſuppoſe
(e) 'Twas by an old Grudge of *Juno*'s
A Murrain curry all Curſt Wives!
He needs muſt goe, the Devil drives.
(f) Much ſuffer'd he likewiſe in Warr,
Many drie blowes, and many a ſcarr:
Many a Rap, and much adoe
At Quarter-ſtaffe, and Cudgells too,
Before he could be quiet for 'um:
(Pox of all Knaves, for I abhor 'um)
But this ſame Younker at the laſt,
(All Brawls and Squabbles overpaſt)
And all theſe Rake-hells overcome,
(g) Did build a pretty *Grange*, call'd *Rome*.

(e) *ſævæ memorem* Junonis *ob iram*
(f) *Multa quoq; & bello paſſus, dum conderet urbem*
(g) *atque altæ mœnia Romæ.*

(i) But

(i) But oh my Muſe! put me in mind,
To which o'th' Gods was he unkind?
(k) Or what, the Plague, did *Juno* mean,
(That croſs-grain'd, peeviſh, ſcolding Queen,
That ſcratching, catter-wawling Puſs,)
(l) To uſe an Honeſt Fellow thus?
(To curry him like Pelts at Tanners)
(m) Have Goddeſſes no better Manners?
(n) A little Town there was of Old,
Thatcht with good Straw to keep out Cold;
Hight *Carthage*, which (if not bely'd)
Was by the *Tyrians* occupy'd;

(i) *Muſa mihi cauſas memora; quo Numine læſo:*
(k) *Quidve dolens Regina Deum, (l) tot volvere caſus*
Inſignem pietate virum, tot adire labores
Impulerit? (m) tantæne animis cœleſtibus iræ?
(n) *Urbs antiqua fuit, Tyrii tenuere Coloni,*
Carthago

(o) The luſtieſt Carles all thereabouts,
Rich Chuffs, and very ſturdy Louts.
(p) Now this ſame *Carthage* you muſt know,
Juno did love out of all *whoe* :
There are alive that yet will ſwear it,
No Village like it, no place near it:
(q) Except a place (forſooth) that's famous
For her known Birth, a Farm call'd *Samos* ;
Here ſhe her Trinkets kept, and odd things,
Her Needles, Poking-ſticks, and Bodkins ;
And here, (in houſe, which her own key-locks)
(r) She us'd to keep her Coach and Peacocks.

——— (o) *ſtuaiis aſperima belli* ;
(p) *Quam* Juno *fertur terris magis omnibus unam,*
(q) *Poſtbabitâ coluiſſe* Samo, (r) *hêic illius arma,*
Hêic currus fuit

This place then mainly pleas'd her humor,
(ſ) But ſhe had heard a ſcurvy Rumor;
That *Trojans*, Arm'd in Coats of Chamlet,
Should one day overthrow her Hamlet:
Plunder her Cheſts, Joynt-ſtools and Tables,
And burn her Cow-houſes, and Stables.
(t) She fearfull of this ſad Prediction,
(Which prov'd a True one, and no Fiction)
(u) And mindfull of her injur'd Honour,
When *Paris* gave the Apple from her;
Did many years bend her devotion,
To drown *Æneas* on the Ocean;

(ſ) *Progeniem ſed enim Trojano à ſanguine duci*
Audierat Tyrias olim quæ verteret arces.
(t) *Id metuens,*
(u) *Nec dum etiam cauſæ irarum, ſæviquæ dolores*
Exciderant animo; manet altâ mente repoſtum
Judicium Paridis,

And many a flippery trick ſhe playd him,
Till *Jove* at laſt o're Sea convey'd him,
(w) (So hard it is, where an old Grutch is,
To get out of a womans Clutches.)
Æneas had not been o'th water
Above an hour, or ſuch a matter;
Nor further row'd, then we may rate
'Twixt *Parſons-Dock*, and *Billinſgate*,
Or ſay betwixt *Dover* and *Calice*,
(x) When *Juno* (full of her old Malice)
Thus with her ſelf began to mutter,
Cannot I drown theſe Crowes i'th Gutter?

(w) *Tantæ molis erat* Romanam *condere gentem*
Vix è conſpectu Siculæ *telluris, in altum,*
Vela dabunt læti, et ſpumas ſalis ære ruebant.
(x) *Cum* Juno, *æternum ſervans ſub pectore vulnus,*
Hæc ſecum: Mene incepto deſiſtere victam?

Muſ

Must they go on fearing no Colours?
And cannot I squander their Scullers?
Must these same *Trojan* Rascals nose me,
(y) Because the *Fates* (forsooth) oppose me?
(z) *Pallas* could burn Wherries, and Gallies,
And clatter *Mortalls* bones like Tallies:
(a) But I, *Jove*'s *Sister*, and his *Wife*,
Can do no Mischief for my life.
(b) *Juno* enrag'd, and fretting thus,
(c) Runs me unto one *Æolus*:
This *Æolus*, as Stories tell us,
Could backward blow like a Smiths Bellowes;

(y) *Quippe vetor fatis!* (z) Pallasne *exurere classem*
Argivum *potuit?*
(a) *Aßt ego, quæ Divûm incedo Regina,* Jovisque
Et Soror, & Conjux, unâ cum gente tot annos
Bella gero.
(b) *Talia flammato secum Dea corde volutans,*
(c) Æoliam *venit hîc vasto rex* Æolus *antro*
Luctantes ventos, tempestatesque sonoras
Imperio premit,

A Day, a Week, a Moneth together,
And by his farting, make foul weather:
Blow men, and Trees, and Houſes down;
Great Ships, and almoſt Fiſhes drown.
He was, in fine, the loud'ſt of Farters:
Yet could command his Hinder-quarters,
Correct his Tayl, and only blow,
If there occaſion were, or ſo:
(d) Whom *Jove* obſerving to be ſo ſtern
In the wiſe conduct of his Poſtern,
He made him King of all the Puffers,
Which he (becauſe he knew them Huffers)
Durſt no where venture, I muſt tell ye,
But in the Caverns of his Belly:

(d) *Sed Pater omnipotens* ——————
—————— *regemque dedit, qui fœdere certo*
Et premere, et laxas ſciret dare juſſus habenas.

Which

Which having but one Postern Gate
For these mad Boyes to sally at,
He might the faster peg them in,
And by the plucking out a Pin,
Then (at his ease) *Arsing* about,
To any Quarter let them out.

(e) To this same King, Queen *Juno* posted,
And thus in flatt'ring Terms accosted.

(f) Thou mighty King, whose potent sway
The Lawless *Blustrers* do obey;
Whose Nod the stubborn'st Winds do dread;
(Even although in *Scotland* bred.)
Thou, whose unruly Empire reaches
As far as the wide Compass stretches,

(e) *Ad quem tum* Juno *supplex his vocibus usa est:*
(f) Æole (*namque tibi Divum pater atque hominum Rex*
Et mulcere dedit fluctus & tollere ventos)

Hear a poore Queens Requeſt, and ſay
Thou'lt doo't; for I muſt have no Nay.
(g) There are a few Tatter-de-malions
That (with a *Pox*) would be *Italians*,
And into *Latium* now are going,
With Oars, and Skulls, tugging, and rowing
A Crew of drunken, roaring Ruffins,
Lewd, wandring, ſturdy Ragamuffins;
Raſcalls, I hate, as I do Garlick,
And yet the Rogues are ſtout, and warlike:
(h) If therefore, thou wilt ſmoak theſe Royſters
And ſowſe them all, like pickled Oyſters,

(g) *Gens inimica mihi* Tyrrhenum *navigat æquor,*
Illum in Italiam portans,
(h) *Incute vim ventis, ſubmerſasque obrue puppes,*
Aut age diverſas, & disjice corpora ponto.
Sunt mihi bis ſeptem præſtanti corpore Nymphæ:
Quarum, quæ forma pulcherrima, Deiopeiam
Connubio jungam ſtabili, propriamque dicabo:

There

There is a Pretty Maid of Mine,
Called *Die*, shall be thy Concubine.
Æolus harkned to this Story,
With no small Pride, no little Glory;
To have a Queen, so gay, and trim,
Come to request a Boon of him!
But th' *Wench*, ith' tail of the Preamble,
Oh that! That made his Bowels wamble.
(And Wind you know (under Correction)
Is a main Causer of Erection.)
He, listning stood, wrigling, and scraping,
But durst not bow, for fear of scaping;
Until at last, with Cap in hand Sr,
(i) He thus return'd his modest Answer.

(i) Æolus *hæc contra: Tuus ô Regina quid optes*
Explorare labor; mihi jussa capessere fas est.
Tu mihi, quodcunque hoc regni, tu sceptra, Jovemque
Concilias.

O Queen (quoth he) my thanks are real,
That you will uſe your ſervant *Bol*:
And ſhould I not pay your Civility,
Toth' utmoſt of my poor Ability,
Who are great *Joves* Siſter and Wife,
It were e'ene pity of my Life.
I'll play theſe Rake-hells ſuch a Hunts-up,
Shall make them glad to turn their Rumps up.
Say you no more, the Thing is done;
I'll drown 'em ev'ry Mothers Son.
But ſince your Grace is nice of ſmelling,
I wiſh you were at your own dwelling.
There's Reaſon for't, (ſaving your favour)
For truly (Madam) I ſhall ſavour.
But I beſeech your Grace, in no wiſe
Forget the *Woman*, that you promiſe.

Juno at that, away does goe
As swift as Arrow out of Bow,
And in less while, then I am speaking,
Was got as high, as top of * *Reking*: * *Mons Salopiensis.*
No bigger now then School-boyes Kite,
And now clean vanisht out of sight.

Æol, who all this while stood gaping
At her fine Peacocks gawdy trapping,
Seeing her Mount *Olympus* stair-case,
Began t'untruss to ease his Carcase.
Twice belch't he loud from Lungs of Leather,
To call his roaring Troops together:
And twice (as who should say we come)
They roar'd 'ith concave of his womb:

(k) With

(k) With that he turns his Buttock ſeaward,
And with a Gibing kind of Nayword;
Quoth he, Blind Harpers have among ye;
'Tis Ten to one but I bedung ye.
At that ſame word, lifting one leg,
And pulling out his truſty peg;
(l) He let at once his General Muſter
Of all that ere could blow, or bluſter;
And (like a Coxcomb) in his Tuell
Left not one puffe to cool his Gruell.

(k) *Hæc ubi dicta cavum converſa cuſpide montem*
Impulit in latus, ac venti, velut agmine facto,
Qua data porta ruunt, & terras turbine perflant.
Incubuere mari, totumque à ſedibus imis.
(l) *Una* Euruſque Notuſque *ruunt, creberque procellis*
Africus, *& vaſtos volvunt ad littora fluctus.*
Inſequitur clamorque virûm ſtridorque rudentum.
Eripiunt ſubito nubes, cœlumque diemque
Teucrorum ex oculis, ponto nox incubat atra.
Intonuere poli, & crebris micat ignibus æther,
Præſentemque viris intentat omnia mortem.

Have

Have you not seen below the Sphear
A mortal drink call'd Bottle-Bear
How, by the Tapster when the Stopple
Is ravish't from the teeming Bottle,
It bounces, foams, and froths, and flitters,
As it were troubled with the squitters?
Even so, when *Æol* pluck'd the plugg
From th' Muzzle of his double Jugg,
The Winds burst out with such a rattle,
As he had broke the strings that twattle.
Bounce cries the Port-hole, out they fly
And make the World dance *Barnaby*;
Throughout the Seas, and Coasts they wander;
One *Boreas* was their Chief Commander;
A huffing Jack, a plund'ring Tearer,
A vap'ring Scab, and a great Swearer.

This

This Fellow, and his boiſt'rous Rout,
Finds Me 'oth' Sea, the *Trojans* out.
Æneas, and his Wandring Mates
Were, at that time, angling for *Sprats*;
Thinking no harm, no more then we do,
(For all was fine, and fair to ſee too)
When all 'oth' ſudden; who would think it!
(By this good drink, I mean to drink it)!
It grew ſo dark, that wanting light,
They could not feel the Fiſhes bite;
And ſtreight ere one could ſay, Whats This?
The winds began to howle and hiſs,
And in the turning of a hand Sir
They grew ſo big, one could not ſtand Sir.
Then followed Rain, Lightning, and Thunder,
As the whole world would fly aſunder.

Æneas, hearing the winds threatning,
And * seeing Monstrous Billowes beating,
Knowing they purpos'd to dispatch him,
And that the *Haddocks* watch't to catch him,
(m) Presently fell in a cold sweat,
So sick he could not drink nor eat,
'Twas all the World to Twenty Pound,
He had not faln into a swound:
But by *Joves* favour being blest,
With Guts in's head above the rest,
Like to a cunning Chapman, He
Made Vertue of Necessity;
And in the midst of all Despayrs,
Thought it his best to fall to prayers;

* By the Lightning

(m) *Extemplo Æneæ solvuntur frigore membra:*

(n) With wofull heart, and blubber'd eyes,
Lifting his *Mutton-fists* to'th skies,
He therefore pray'd, O *Jupiter*,
Either hear now, or never hear;
Now, now, thy Truſty *Trojans* cheriſh,
Help now, or never, elſe we periſh.
(o) Could not *Tydides*, at *Troy* Town
Should he be hang'd, once knock me down?
Nor yet the Merry *Greek Achilles*,
When he kill'd luſty *Hector*, kill Theſe?
And muſt we now be ſent for Diſhes,
To Sharks, and ſuch like Greedy Fictes?

(n) *Ingemit, et duplices tendens ad ſidera palmas*
Talia voce refert:
——— (o) *ô* Danâum *fortiſſime gentis*
Tydeide; *Meæ* Iliacis *occumbere campis*
Non potuiſſe, tuâque animam hanc effundere dextrâ:
Sævus ubi Æacidæ telo jacet Hector,

(p) Thus

(p) Thus went he on with his Oriſons,
Which if you mark them well *were wiſe ones*,
Now praying, now expoſtulating,
But he might e'en have held his prating,
For *Jove* if he had been more near him,
The noyſe was ſuch, could no wayes hear him.
(q) The winds grew louder ſtill and louder,
And playd their Gambals with a Powder;
Then, then indeed began the pudder,
Here an Oare broke, and there a Rudder,
Here a Boat kicking on the Surges,
And there one ſinking in a *Gurges*.

(p) *Talia jactanti,* (q) *ſtridens* Aquilone *procella*
Velum adverſa ferit, fluctuſque ad ſidera tollit.
Franguntur remi: tum prora avertit, & undis
Dat latus

(r) Three Boats a Wind, call'd *Notus* ruſſel
Upon a paltry bed of Muſſels,
(s) And three did roaring *Eurus* dable ye,
In Quick-ſand deep moſt lamentably.
(t) One Wherry that the *Lycians* carry'd,
And one *Orontes* never marry'd;
Was juſt about the time of Dinner,
O're-whelm'd, and all the men within her.
Orontes, though he was confounded,
Yet very loth to be thus drownded;
Did all he could, with might and main,
To have ſwom back to Land again.

(r) *Tres*, Notus *abreptas in ſaxa latentia torquet*
——————— (ſ) *tres*, Eurus *ab alto*
In Brevia, *&* Syrteis *urget*, (*miſerabile viſu*)
(t) *Unam*, *quæ* Lycios, *fidumque vehebat* Orontem;
Ipſius ante oculos, ingens a vertice pontus
In puppim ferit. Excutitur, *pronuſque Magiſter*
Volvitur in caput. Aſt illam ter fluctus ibidem
Torquet agens circum, & rapidus vorat æquore vortex.

His

His skill he to the tryall puts,
But could not do it for his Gutts:
And therefore was sowst up for *Cod-Fish*;
(I doubt he prov'd but very odd-fish)
(u) Now might you see the *Trojans* triming
Upon the foaming Billowes swimming:
Sculls, Oars, and Stretchers with their Benches,
Floating amongst the Rowling Trenches;
Hats, Capps, and Cassocks, Bands and Ruffs,
(Indeed I think, they wore no Cuffes)
Balk-staves, and Cudgells, Pikes & Truncheons,
Brown-bread & cheese that swam by luncheons
With Treasure past all Mortals matching,
That any man might have for fetching.

(u) *Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto,*
Arma virum, tabulæque, et Troja gaza per undas.

(w) In the mean time, this hurly-burly,
That ſtill encreas'd more loud and ſurly,
Rous'd *Neptune* with the ſtrange Commotion,
Who liv'd 'ith bottom of the Ocean.

This *Neptune* was of old, a Fiſher,
And to *Æneas* a well-wiſher:
'Cauſe on a time, *Venus*, that bore him,
Spoke a good word to her Father for him;
And made him for his good Conditions
King over all his Pools, and Fiſh-ponds.

This Blade, when firſt he heard the Sea ring,
Was pickling, Pilchards, Sprats, and Herring,
But at the noyſe he throwes his Tray,
Fiſhes, and Salt, and all away.

(w) *Interea magno miſcere murmure Pontum,*
Emiſſamque Hiemem ſenſit Neptunus, *et imis*
Stagna refuſa vadis.

And

And taking up his three-forkt Trout-spear,
(x) Hey, hey (quoth he) what a brave rout's here!
Under his Arms he had two Bladders,
By which he mounted without Ladders,
And thrusting's head above the Water,
Sayes, What a Vengeance ho's the matter?
Then seeing round how things were vary'd,
And how the *Trojans* had miscarry'd;
He strait began to smell a Rat,
And soon peeceiv'd what they'd be at:
For he knew all *Juno*'s contriving,
And spite as well as any living.

——— (x) *graviter commotus, et alto*
Prospiciens, summâ placidum caput extulit undâ.
Dissectam Æneæ toto videt æquore Classem:
Fluctibus oppressos Teucros, cœlique ruinâ.
Nec latuere doli fratrem Junonis, *& iræ.*

Have you not ſeen upon a River
A Water-dog, that is a diver,
Bring out his Mallard, and eſt-ſoons
Be-ſhake his ſhaggy Pantaloons?
So *Neptune* when he firſt appears,
Shakes the ſalt Liquor from his ears,
And made the winds themſelves to doubt him,
He threw the water ſo about him:
Vext at the Plucks to ſee this clutter,
He ſcarce could ſpeak, but ſpurt and ſputter;
(y) Till beck'ning *Zephirus*, and *Eurus*,
He thus began in language furious.

(y) Eurum *ad ſe* Zephyrumque *vocat, dehinc talia fatur.*
Tantane vos generis tenuit fiducia veſtri?
Jam cœlum Terramque meo ſine Numine Venti
Miſcere, & tantas audetis tollere moles?
Quos ego: —— ſed motos præſtat componere Fluctus;
Poſt mihi non ſimili pœna commiſſa luetis.

How

How durſt you Rogues take the opinion
To vapour here in my Dominion,
Without my leave, and make a ſtirry,
That men cannot be quiet for ye,
Raſcals I ſhall! But well! go too,
I now have ſomething elſe to do:
If ere again I catch you creaking,
'Tis odds I ſpoyl your Bag-pipes ſqueaking.
(z) And Sirrah, you there: goodman * *Blaſter*, * Speaking to *Boreas* himſelf.
Go tell that farting fool your Maſter,
That ſuch a whiſtling ſcab as he,
Was ne're cut out to rule the Sea;

(z) *Maturate Fugam, Regique hæc dicite veſtro:*
Non illi Imperium pelagi——————

(a) But

(a) But that it to my Empire fell;
Bid him go vapour in his Cell.
There let him puffe and domineer,
But make no more such folsting here:
And for what's past, (if my aim miss not)
I'l teach him fizzle in my Fispot.
(b) Scarce had he bubled out his sentence
But that they fled to shew repentance,
And he that erst had made a din most,
Now, cry'd, the Devil take the hindmost.
Even as a flock of Geese do flutter,
When crafty *Reynard* comes to Supper.

(a) *Sed mihi sorte datum. Tenet ille immania saxa,*
Vestras Eure *domos. Illâ se jactet in Aulâ*
Æolus, *& clauso ventorum carcere regnet.*
(b) *Sic ait, & dicto citius tumida æquora placat,*

So

So nimbly flew away theſe Scoundrels,
Glad they had ſcap'd, & ſav'd their Poundrels.
(c) Now all was fair again and frolick,
The Sea no more troubled with Cholick,
The Sun ſhone bright as on a *May*-day;
Had there bin graſs, one might have made hay,
But yet ſome Boats ſtuck on the Flatts,
Their men all daſht like Water-Ratts;
Neptune at that his ſpeed re-doubles,
To eaſe them of their peck of Troubles:
He thruſt his *Muck-fork* in two faddom,
Betwixt the Boats, and that that ſtayd um,
And lifted them ſhiere off, as clever
As he had had a Crow or Leaver;

(c) *Collectaſque fugat nubes, ſolemque reducit*
Cymothoe *ſimul &* Triton *adnixus acuto*
Detrudunt naves ſcopulo; levat ipſe Tridenti.
Et vaſtas aperit Syrteis, *& temperat æquor*

Now

Now Sirs (quoth he) you may go forward,
And row East, West, or South, or Norward,
If the Rogues come again, I'll swill 'um
I love a Dog that comes from *Ilium*,
And you *Æneas*, and your men,
If ere you come this way again,
I hope you'l call, or I'st be sorry,
I'll have a Dish of Lobsters for ye:
Æneas who was gentle-hearted,
Scrap'd him a leg, and so they parted.

They take their Sculls again and ply um,
Hanging their Jerkins out to dry um:
Away they cut as swift as Swallowes,
Plowing the Sea as men do Fallowes;
Till ere a man could well tell Ten,
Or go to'th dore, and back again,

(d) They

(d) They all as plainly ſaw the t'other
Side, as we now ſee one another:
Then there old tugging was and pulling,
Never ſuch plying, and ſuch ſculling,
They whoop't and ſung gladder and gladder,
I think March-hares were never madder.
At laſt, all dangers notwithſtanding,
(e) They came unto a Place of Landing;
A pair of ſtayrs they found, not big ſtairs;
Juſt ſuch another pair as *Trigg-ſtairs*:
Not made for Water-men, but Women,
That uſe to come, and waſh their Linnen:

——— (d) *Quæ proxima littora curſu*
Contendunt petere.
(e) *Eſt in ſeceſſu longo locus; Inſula portum*
Efficit objectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto
Frangitur, inque ſinus ſcindit ſeſe unda reductos.

There

There was old ſtriving then, and thruſting
Which with their Sculler ſhould get firſt in.
Sirs (quoth *Æneas*) ſhow ſome breeding,
Let's have no more haſte than good ſpeeding,
Have patience Gentles, I implore ye,
And let your betters go before ye.
With that they all gave place, and reaſon,
It elſe had been no leſs than Treaſon:
(f) Whileſt our *Æneas* at two leapings,
Set the firſt foot upon the ſteppings;
Then all the Reſt came in a bundle
As they would burſt each others Trundle:

(f) Æneas *collectis navibus omni*
Ex numero ſubit; ac magno telluris amore
Egreſſi optatâ Troes *potiuntur arenâ.*
Et ſale tabentes artus in littore ponunt.

Weary

Weary they were, the wind had douc't um,
And so they sate em down, and lous'd um.
(g) After a while, a fellow knocks
Fire with a Steel, and Tinder-box.
For each man had his Flint and Touch-wood,
The World besides could shew no such wood;
Then sticks they gather, leaves and Bryers,
And fall a making them good fires,
Then Skellets, Pans, and Posnets put on
To make them Porridge without Mutton.
(h) In the mean time *Æneas* got him
Up to a Hill, to look about him,

(g) *Ac primum Silici scintillam excudit* Achates
Suscepitque ignem foliis, atque arida circum
Nutrimenta dedit, rapuitque in fomite flammam.
Tum Cererem, *corruptam undis*, Cerealiaque *arma*
Expediunt, fessi rerum, frugesque receptas
Et torrere parant flammis, & frangere saxo.
(h) Æneas *scopulum interea conscendit, & omnem*
Prospectum late pelago petit.

And

And as he there a while ſtood gazing,
(i) He ſaw ſome ſheep below him grazing;
(k) Oh ho (quoth he) I'll ſoon be wy'ye,
Be ſworn I'm glad at heart to ſee ye.
This ſaid, away my youth does goe,
And fetches ſtraight a good Yew-Bow,
His Arrowes under's belt he ſticks too,
(For he could ſhoot at Butts, and Pricks too)
His head he put a good ſteel Cap on,
Becauſe he knew not what might happen:
And thus as if he went to battle,
He goes to murder poor mens Cattle.

(i) *tres littore cervos*
Proſpicit Errantes
(k) *Conſtitit hic, Arcumque manu, celerisque ſagittas*
Corripuit.

(l) His Arrow in the string he nocks,
And shoots among the harmless Flocks,
These prov'd by chance to be the fairest,
But he still shot at that was neareſt.
(m) Seven Lordly Tups he wounded mortall,
The other shots he made were short all:
These to his hungry Mates he lurryes,
(Pray what's his due, that Mutton worries?)
(n) Here lads (quoth he) here's sides, & haunches,
Fall too, and fill your empty paunches.
Scarce had he made an end of boasting,
(o) But some to boyling fell, some roasting;

(l) *Ductoresque ipsos, primum capita alta ferentes*
Cornibus arboreis sternit
(m) *Nec prius absistit, quam septem ingentia victor*
Corpora fundit humi.
——— (n) *Et socios partitur in omnes.*
(o) *Pars in frusta secant, veribusque trementia figunt:*
Littore aenea locant alii, flammasque ministant.

'Twas ſoon enough, and too't they fall,
They eat up Mutton, gutts and all,
Yet ſcarce could ſatisfie their hungers,
Theſe *Trojans* were ſuch *Mutton-mongers*.
(p) There was by chance a *ſtoop* of Liquor,
Cork't up in Bottles made of Wicker,
Giv'n by mine Hoſteſs, I conceive,
When firſt *Æneas* took his leave,
This Drink (to make their feaſt the fuller)
Æneas fetcht out of his Sculler,
And like a man had ſomething in him,
Gave it as free as ere 'twas gi'n him;
Himſelf a Diſh, he firſt pour'd out,
For fear it would not goe about;

(p) *Vina bonus quæ deinde cadis onerarat Acestes*
Littore Trinacrio, dederatque abeuntibus Heros,
Dividit, & dictis mœrentia pectora mulcet.

Then

Then ſtroaking up his Whiskers greaſie,
He thus begins, in Words moſt eaſie.
(q) Here Lads, have at ye, and be merry;
W'are got at laſt, ſafe o're the Ferry;
And though w'ave had but angry wark, yet
Let's make the beſt of a bad market:
To day let's drink, and hang to morrow,
A grain of mirth's worth pounds of ſorrow;
(r) Be blith and jolly then, as may be,
Faint heart you know ne're won fair Lady:

(q) *O ſocii, (neque enim ignari ſumus ante malorum)*
O paſſi graviora. Dabit Deus his quoque finem:
Vos et Scyllæam rabiem, penituſq; ſonantes
Acceſtis ſcopulos; vos & Cyclopea ſaxa
Experti. (r) Revocate animos, mœſtumque timorem
Mittite; forſan & hæc olim meminiſſe juvabit.
Per varios caſus, per tot diſcrimina rerum
Tendimus in Latium, ſedes ubi fata quietas
Oſtendunt.

What though a while we fare but hardly,
Yet in the end does our reward lye:
We ſhall have Houſes, Lands, and Doxies,
With dainty patches, where no Pox is:
And then all this, that ſeems t'undo us,
Will be but ſport, and paſtime to us.
(s) Thus did this ſubtle Fornicator
Set a good Face on a bad matter;
As who would make 'um underſtand
How pretty a fellow he was on's hand;
When I (for all's brave n'alls) muſt tell ye,
His Heart then panted in his Belly.
(t) Down glides his Ale over his Pallat,
As glib as 't had been Oyl of Sallet;

(s) *Talia voce refert, curisq; ingentibus æger*
Spem vultu ſimulat: premit altum corde dolorem.
(t) *Implentur veteris* Bacchi, *pinguisq; ferinæ.*

And

And all the reſt in their due order
Quafft' till their Drink would go no further.
(u) Now having ſpent their drink & vittles,
They riſe, and wipe their greaſie *Thwittles*,
And ſtreaking then began to mind 'um,
Of thoſe were left at ſea behind 'um:
With that, *Æneas* made a motion
To climbe the Hills, and look on th' Ocean,
If from the Cliffs, and Promontories
They might eſpy their fellow Tories;
At that they went, ſome this, ſome that way,
Some went not farre, and ſome a great way,

(u) *Poſtquam exempta fames, epulis menſaque remota,*
Amiſſos longo ſocios ſermone requirunt.

Some whoopt, ſome hallow'd, & ſome ſhouted,
(x) Some thought 'um ſafe, and others doubted,
Some laid their ears to ground in cunning,
To liſt if they could hear 'um coming;
But all in vain, for none could ſpy 'um,
They fear'd their frends, when none were nie 'um
At laſt by General Approbation,
They laid 'um down, as was the faſhion,
And ſlept, being tyr'd, with pains and feaſting,
When Belly's full, Bones would be reſting.
Aſleep they lie ſnorting and ſnoring,
With ſuch a noyſe, as made the ſhoar ring,
Or ſuch a din as Dogs do utter,
When they by night together clutter;

(x) *Spemque metumq; inter dubii, ſeu vivere credant,*
Sive extrema pati;

Snarling

Snarling and swearing in lewd fashion
For Bitch of evil conversation:
(y) When *Jove*, who was belike at leasure,
(Walking or for his health, or pleasure)
Looking about on ev'ry side him,
(z) O'th *Lybian* Coasts at last espy'd them,
And said in merry kind of Japing,
Indeed Sirs have I ta'ne you napping.
Scarce had he spoke, when all oth' sudden,
Whileſt he was on the *Trojans* studd'ing,
Who should come there to do her duty,
But *Venus*, that was Queen of Beauty!
* This *Venus* without counterfeiting,
Was a fine Lass on's own begetting,

* See *Servius* upon *Virgil.*

(y) *Cum* Jupiter *æthere summo*
Despiciens mare velivolum terrasque jacentes
Littoraq; — (z) *et* Lybiæ *defixit lumina Regis.*

Thou nee'r ſaw'ſt prettyer in thy life,
Although he had her not by's Wife,
But by a Fiſh-wench he was kind to,
And ſo ſhe came in at the Windows:
Now *Venus* was *Æneas'* Mother,
And him ſhe had by ſuch another
Royſter as *Jove* was, when on Ground-ſell
He and her Mother met in Councell,
In the behalf then of her by-blow,
Which had endured many a dry-blow,
(a) She weeping came, ſighing, and throbbing,
And hardly could ſhe ſpeak for ſobbing:
Untill at laſt, with a fine Linning
Wrought round with blew of her own ſpinning

(a) *Atque illum tales jactantem pectore curas*
Triſtior, & lacrymis oculos ſuffuſa nitentes
Alloquitur Venus.

Wiping

Wiping her face with Tears, and snivel,
he thus began in words most civil.
(b) O thou, of Gods, and men, the King,
hat canst do any kind of thing;
hat past their wits dost Mortals frighten,
When thou or thunder do'st, or lighten,
What could *Æneas* do to thee!
Who car'st a fart for no body;
c) Or the poor *Trojans* what have they done,
hat thus they still must Fools be made on,
And that thou wilt for no perswasions
Let them go follow their occasions?

(b) *O qui res hominumque Deumque*
Æternis regis Imperiis, & fulmine terres.
c) *Quid* Troes *potuere? quibus tot funera passis.*
unctus ob Italiam *terrarum claudimur Orbis?*

(d) I'm

(d) I'm ſure you promis'd me, and ſwore it,
(E'ven let who can forgive you for it)
That you would make 'um, This, and That,
Kings, Captains, and I know not what,
And that out of your Bounteous Givings,
They ſhould have all both Lands, and Livings
And all live well in *Italy*;
But I perceive 'twas all a lye.
(e) *Jove*, (ſtroking up his great Mustachoes)
Smil'd for to ſee her ſo out-rageous,
(For had ſhe broke a Pot, or Platter,
He could not well be angry at her,

(d) *Certe hinc* Romanos *olim, volventibus annis,*
Hinc fore ductores, revocato a ſanguine Teucri.
Qui mare, qui terras, omni ditione tenerent
Pollicitus. Quæ te Genitor, ſententia vertit?
(e) *Olli ſubridens hominum ſator atque Deorum.*

He

He lov'd her so, and 'tis so common,
Either in Man, or else in Woman;
Their Bastards they will clip, and kiss ye
More dearly then their lawfull Issue,)
(f) *Jove* looking then most sweetly at her,
For she had made his Mouth to water)
Took *Venus* by the Chin, and gave her,
A Kiss of no unwelcome savour.
(g) My pretty Wench (quoth he) I prethee,
Let's have no more such puling with thee:
All shall be well enough, ne're fear it,
And by my Beard once more I swear it:

(f) *Vultu quo Cœlum, Tempestatesq; serenat*
Osculaq; libavit Gnatæ; dehinc talia fatur.
(g) *Parce metu Cytherea, manent immota tuorum*
Fata tibi. Cernes urbem, & promissa Lavini
Mœnia, sublimemq; feres ad sydera cœli
Magnanimum Æneam.

Thy

Thy Son *Æneas* thou doſt doubt ſo,
Which makes thee whimper, cry, and pout ſo,
Shall be a King, or Prince at leaſt;
I ſpeak in earneſt, not in jeſt.
With that he whiſtled out moſt mainly,
You might have heard his Fiſt as plainly
From one ſide of the Skie to th' t'other,
As you and I hear one another.
Thrice whiſtled he when by and by,
Out came his Foot-boy *Mercury*,
And askt him without more ado,
Whar 'twas he whiſtled for, and who?
This *Merc'ry* you muſt underſtand Sir
Had formerly been a Rope-Dancer:
A nimble Raſcal, and a Dapper,
Full deftly could he cut a Caper,

Dance,

* Dance, run, and leap, frisk, and curvett,
Tumble, and do the *Sommerſet*:
And fly with Artificial Wings
Ty'd to his head, and heels, with ſtrings:
'Twas he firſt taught to fly i'th Aire,
As we have ſeen at *Bartle*-Faire;
A nimble witty Knave, I warrant,
And one that well could ſay his Errant;
An ex'lent ſervant (in plain-dealing)
But that he was enclin'd to ſtealing.
(h)Sirrah (quoth *Jove*) go take your Pumps,
And haſt to *Carthage*, ſtirr your ſtumps;

* See *Plaut.* in *Amphytr.*

(h) *Hæc ait, & Majâ genitum demittit ab alto,*
Ut terræ, utq; novæ pateant Carthaginis arces
Hoſpitio Teucrûs, ne fati neſcia Dido
Finibus arceret. Volat ille per aëra magnum
Remigio Alarum, & Lybiæ citus adſtitit oris

And

And as thou art a cunning Prater,
Play me the fine Insinuator.
Dido and all her *Carthaginians*
Possess throughout with kind opinions
Of the poor *Trojans*, lest Queen *Dido*
Not knowing Things so well as I do,
Should shew 'um all a Trick of *Passe-pass*,
And chance t'indict them for a Trespass.
Away he flies *sans* further speech,
As he had had a Squib in's breech;
And suddenly without discerning
(i) Set all the *Trojans* Bowels yerning.
Dido for her part swore a *Trojan*
Should do the Feat for her, or no man.

(i) *Ponuntq; ferocia Pœni*
Corda, volente Deo; inprimis Regina quietum
Accipit in Teucros animum, mentemque benignam.

Mean

Mean while the *Trojans* ſlept at eaſe,
Unleſs ſometimes bit by white Fleas,
Their ſoft Repoſe in quiet taking,
(k) Only *Æneas* he was waking,
Who whileſt the night was dark and ore-caſt,
Like one that had an ex'lent fore-caſt,
Lay thinking now his Gutts grew limber,
How they might get more *Belly-Timber*;
No ſooner the firſt Light came creeping,
But that he cry'd, Ah fool! art peeping?
And up he ſtarts, to goe a ſtealing,
Either a Mutt'ning, or a Vealing,
And yet he thought being a ſtranger,
To goe alone might be ſome danger;

(k) *At pius Æneas, per noctem plurima volens,*
Ut primùm lux alma data eſt, ——————

(l) There-

(l) Therefore he deem'd it not amiſs
To call a Truſty friend of his;
And that he might go on the bolder,
He layd a Two-hand Batt on's ſhoulder.
Thus going then abroad for food,
(m) He meets his Mother in a Wood;
So ſmug ſhe was, and ſo array'd,
He took his Mother for a Maid:
A great miſtake in her, whoſe Bum
So oft had been God *Mars* his Drum:
Full oft when *Smug* was blowing Bellowes,
Would ſhe be trucking with good Fellowes;
And let her ſelf be chuck't as tamely,
As if therein, there did no blame lye,

—— (l) *ipſe uno graditur comitatus Achate*
Bina manu lato criſpans haſtilia ferro.
(m) *Cui mater mediâ ſeſe tulit obvia ſilvâ.*
Virginis os habitumq; gerens.

By

By *Mars*, and many a one beside,
Or else she fouly is bely'd.
(n) Well met (young man) quoth *Venus* kindly,
As you came through the Woods behind ye,
Pray did you not for all your hast, note
A Lass in Petti-coat and Wast-coat;
With such a Pelt as mine thrown o're her,
Driving a Sow, and Piggs before her?
(o) No truly, (quoth *Aneas* mild)
I saw nor Man, Woman, nor Childe;
Yet though I say't, had I been nigh her,
I could as soon as others spy her:

(n) *Heus, inquit, juvenes, monstrate mearum*
Vidistis siquam hîc errantem fortè sororum,
Succinctam pharetra, & maculosæ tegmine lyncis,
Aut spumantis apri cursum clamore prementem.
(o) *Veneris contrà sic filius orsus:*
Nulla tuarum audita mihi, neque visa sororum.
O quam te memorem virgo? námque haud tibi vultus
Mortalis, nec vox hominum sonat: ô dea certè.

But who art thou, that ſpeak'ſt ſo ſhrill,
As if thy words came through a Quill?
Thou art of gentle Kindred ſurely,
Thou look'ſt and ſpeakeſt ſo demurely:
(p) Therefore good Mris. or good Lady,
I do beſeech you, if it may be,
To put us out of fear of Dangers,
(q) Tell's where we are for we are ſtrangers.
(r) *Venus*, at that, wriggling and mumping,
Cries, pray young man, leave off your frumping
For untill now I've met with no man,
E're took me for a Gentlewoman:
She that I ask for, is my Siſter;
I wonder how the Pox you miſt her!

(p) *An Phœbi ſoror, an Nympharum ſanguinis una,*
—— (q) *quo ſub cœlo tandem, quibus orbis in oris*
Jactemur doceas ——
(r) *Tum* Venus: *Haud equidem tali me dignor honore.*

We

We were this morning ſent in haſte
To fetch a Sow that lies at Maſt.
(s) Your Town was built by one *Agenor*;
The Land's ſo good, it needs no *Meanor*;
(t) One *Dido* now is Queen on't, who,
Run hither a good while agoe:
She is a Queen of Gentle-bearing,
Whoſe ſtory will be worth the hearing:
(u) But ſhould I tell it all out-right,
I think 'twould laſt a Winters night.
(x) Therefore in ſhort, this ſame Queen *Dido*,
Who now, alas! is left a Widow,

(s) *Punica regna vides*, Tyrios, & Agenoris *urbem.*
(t) *Imperium* Dido *Tyria regit urbe profecta,*
(u) *longa eſt injuria, longæ*
Ambages, ſed ſumma ſequar faſtigia rerum
(x) *Huic Conjux* Sichæus *erat, ditiſſimus agri*

Had one *Sichæus* to her *Hony*,
A wealthy man in Land, and Money;
(y) Whom one *Pigmalion*, unawares
Kill'd, as he was saying on's Prayers;
Only for Lucre of his Pelf,
Which he had thought t' have had himself;
(z) And fob'd Queen *Dido* off, some season,
(Who cry'd, and blubber'd out of Reason)
By telling her a Flim-flam prattle,
That he was gone to buy some Cattle:
But on a time, as without doubt
Murther at some odd time will out,

(y) *Ille* Sichæum
Impius ante aras, atque auri cæcus amore,
Clam ferro incautum superat——
(z) *ægram*
(Multa malus simulans) vana spe lusit amantem.

One

One night as she did sleep, and snore,
As she had never slept before,
(a) Into her Chamber, dores unlocking,
Comes me her Husband without knocking;
A Linck he in his hand did brandish,
His face was Paler, then your band is:
Near her he came, and would have kiss'd her,
At which she well nigh had bepiss'd her;
But being a Ghost of civil fashion,
He gave her *Words* of *Consolation*.
Quoth he, I murdred am, my Jewel,
By wayes most barbarous and cruel:
And for to shew I tell no Fibbs,
(b) Look what a hole here's in my Ribbs:

a) *Ipsa sed in somnis inhumati venit imago*
Conjugis, ora modis attollens pallida miris:
——— (b) *trajectâque pectora ferro*
Ostendit: ———

And if thou ſtay'ſt, that Rogue *Pigmalion*
Intends to uſe thee like a Stallion:
(c) Therefore be gone, thou and thy Meany,
But leave the Raſcal ne'er a penny,
To bleſs himſelf, it lyes each farthing,
In an old Butter-pot i'th Garding.
(d) *Dido*, at this, riſes up early,
And with her ſervants very fairly,
Not caring for *Pigmalions* Curſes,
Steals all his Money-Baggs, and Purſes;

(c) *Tum celerare fugam patriâque excedere ſuadet,*
Auxiliumque viæ, veteres tellure recludit
Theſauros, ignotum argenti pondus & auri.
(d) *His commota fugam, Dido, ſociôſque parabat:*
Conveniunt, quibus aut odium crudele tyranni,
Aut metus acer erat: naves quæ forte paratæ,
Corripiunt, onerantque auro: portantur avari
Pygmalionis opes pelago: dux fœmina facti.

And

And in a Boat prepar'd o'th nonce,
Ship't all his Goods away at once,
And got off ſafe, whil'ſt all this Gear,
Was order'd by a *Waſtcoteer*.
(e) At laſt ſhe came with all her People,
To yonder Town with the Spire-ſteeple,
And bought as much good feeding ground for
Five Marks as ſome would give five pound for;
Where now ſhe lives a Huſ-wife wary,
Has her ground ſtockt, and keeps a Dairy:
(f) And now young man, I pray ye ſhow me
Whence do you come, or whither go ye?

(e) *Devenere locos, ubi nunc ingentia cernes*
Mœnia, ſurgentémque novæ Carthaginis *arcem:*
Mercatique ſolum, facti de nomine Byrſam,
Taurino quantum poſſent circumdare tergo.
(f) *ſed vos qui tandem? quibus aut veniſtis ab oris?*
Quóve tenetis iter? ——— ———.

(g) This being ſaid, our luſty Swabber
Groan'd like a woman in her Labour,
And looking rufully upon her,
Oh! Dame (quoth he) brim full of Honour,
Should I begin my ſtory ſpinning,
From the firſt end, to'th laſt Beginning,
I doubt to finiſh we ſhould miſs time,
For it would laſt till t'morrow this time.
(h) We *Trojans* are of *Troy-Town* Race,
(If e'er you heard of ſuch a place.)
(i) And I th' *Æneas* fam'd in Battle,
But more ador'd for Tayle, and Twattle:

(g) *Quærenti, talibus ille*
Suſpirans, imoq; trahens à pectore vocem:
O dea, ſi prima repetens ab origine pergam,
Et vacet annales noſtrorum audire laborum:
Ante diem clauſo componet veſper olympo.
(h) *Nos* Troja *antiqua (ſi veſtras forte per aures*
Trojæ *nomen it*———
(i) *Sum pius Æneas, raptoſqui ex hoſte penates*
Claſſe veho mecum,———

Who

Who bring along our Countrey-Gods,
A company of ſmoaky Toads,
Catcht out o'th fire, from the *Greek*,
When all the Town was of a Reek;
And can derive my pedigree,
(Although I ſay't) with any *He*,
That is perhaps fuller of Pride,
Eſpecially by th' Mothers ſide.
Did my Fame never hither come?
I'm talkt of farr, and near at home;
To tell you truly as a friend,
(k) For *Italy* we did intend,
And put to Sea in paltry weather
(l) With twenty pair of Oars together:

(k) Italiam *quæro, patriam, & genus ab* Jove *ſumme.*
(l) *Bis denis* Phrygium *conſcendi navibus æquor,*
Matre dea monſtrante viam, data fata ſequutus:
Vix ſeptem convulſæ undis, Euróque ſuperſunt.

Of

Of which there hardly are left ſeaven,
Which put into the ſhoar laſt Even.
(m) *Venus* the while *Æneas* eyeing,
And ſeeing he could ſcarce hold crying;
Thus cut him off in courteous faſhion,
I'th midſt on's pitifull Relation:
(n) Who e're thou art, take heart I ſay,
Rome can't be built all on a Day;
And though y'have ſuffer'd ſome dyſaſters;
Yet let me tell you this, my Maſters,
'Tis a good ſign that thoſe Gods love ye,
For all your haſte, that hither drove ye:

(m) *Nec plura querentem*
Paſſa Venus medio ſic interfata dolore eſt
(n) *Quiſquis es, haud (credo) inviſus cœleſtibus, auras*
Vitales carpis, Tyriam qui adveneris urbem.

You

You might have walkt your Pumps apieces,
E'er light on such a Place as this is.
(o) Go me to th' *Queen* now out of hand,
And shew her how your matters stand;
She'll make you welcome for her part;
She loves tall fellowes in her heart:
(p) There, on my honest word, you'll meet
Your lost Companions, I foresee't;
And have all things that you would wish,
(q) Or surely I was taught amiss:
(And I a Father had, could make
For time of need an Almanack,)

(o) *Perge modò, atque hinc te reginæ ad limina perfer.*
(p) *Námque tibi reduces socios, classémque relatam*
Nuntio——
(q) *Ni frustra augurium vani docuere parentes.*

Cheare

Chear up your hearts, your spirits rally,
And ne're stand fooling, shall I, shall I,
But budge, jogg on, bestirre your Toes,
(r) There lies your way, follow your Nose.
(s) With that she turn'd to goe away,
And did her freckled Neck display;
By which, and by a certain whiffe
Came from her Arm-pits, or her Cliffe,
And a fine hobble in her pace,
Æneas knew his Mothers grace:

(r) *Perge modò, & quæ te ducit via, dirige gressum.*
(s) *Dixit: & avertens rosea cervice refulsit:*
Ambrosiæq; coma divinum vertice odorem
Spiravere: pedes vestis defluxit ad imos:
Et vera incessu patuit dea, ille ubi matrem
Agnovit, tali fugientem est voce secutus.

Why

(t) *Mother* (quoth he) why dost thou run thus,
And with thy *Mumming* cheat thy *Son* thus?
Why may we not shake one another
By th' hand, and talk like Son and Mother?
Oh think upon our wofull Cases,
Whilest thus we wander in strange Places!
(u) But she was gone, for when she list,
She foist away could in a Mist;
Nor could she tarry, to say truely,
For she had made a promise newly,
To meet a friend of hers to dally,
(x) In a blinde street they call *Ram-Ally*:

(t) *Quid natum toties crudelis tu quoque falsis*
Ludis imaginibus? cur dextræ jungere dextram
Non datur, ac veras audire, & reddere voces?
(u) *At Venus obscuro gradientes aëre sepsit*
Et multo nebulæ circum dea fudit amictu:
Cernere ne quis eos, neu quis contingere posset,
Molirive moram, ——— ———
(x) *Ipsa Paphum sublimis abit, ——— ———*

Æneas

Æneas then began to finde,
That there was ſomething in the winde,
And ſaid, my Mother's a mad-ſhaver,
No man alive knowes where to have her;
But I'de as live as half a Crown
We two could walk ſo into th' Town.
Venus heard what he ſaid, for ſhe
Could hear, as far as we can ſee;
And in a moment to befriend 'um,
Two Cloaks inviſible did lend 'um.
Thus cloak't their Knavery to ſhelter,
(y) Away they trudge it helter skelter,
Untill *Æneas*, and his friend,
Safely arriv'd at the Towns-end.

(y) *Corripuere viam interea, qua ſemita monſtrat:*
Jámque aſcendebant collem, qui plurimus urbi
Imminet adverſasq; aſpectat deſuper arces.

(z) *Æneas*

(z) *Æneas* star'd about and wonder'd,
To see of Houses a whole Hunder'd;
But when he saw the Folks were there,
He thought it had been *Carthage* fair.
(a) The Town was full, all in a pother,
Some doing one thing, some another;
Some digging were, some making Mortar,
Some hewing stones, and such a Quarter;
For they were all, as story tells,
Building or doing something else;
(b) And to be short, all that he sees,
Were working busily as Bees.

(z) *Miratur molem Æneas, magalia quondam:*
(a) *Instant ardentes Tyrii: pars, ducere muros*
Molirique arcem, & manibus subvolvere saxa:
Pars, aptare locum tecto, & concludere sulco.
(b) *Qualis apes æstate nova per florea rura*
Exercet sub sole labor, ——

(c) I'th middle of the Town there ſtood,
A goodly *Elme* o're-grown with Wood;
And under that were Stocks moſt düely,
To lock them faſt that were unruly:
There ſate they down to eaſe their travel,
Picking their ſweaty Toes from gravel,
And look't about as they lay lurking,
(d) To ſee the buſie *Tyrians* working:
But none could ſee them for their ſpell,
They were ſo hid, they might as well,
Though they had been never ſo nigh 'um,
See through a double-dore as ſpy 'um.

(c) *Lucus in urbe fuit media, lætiſſimus umbra:*
(d) *Infert ſe ſeptus nebula (mirabile dictu)*
Per medios, miſcetque viris, neque cernitur ulli.

Near stood the Church, a pretty Building;
Plain as a Pike-staff without Guilding,
I cannot liken any to it,
Unless't be *Pancrage*, if you know it.
(e) This Church Queen *Dido* 'tis related
Built, and to *Juno* dedicated,
And was beholding unto none;
But built it all both stick and stone,
At her own proper cost, and charges;
No Church i'th' Country near so large is;
It was well laid with Lime and Mortar:
(For so the Workmen did exhort her)
Because it would be so much stronger,
And so you know would last the longer.

(e) *Hic templum Junoni ingens Sidonia Dido*
Condebat ——

It had a dore peg'd with a pin,
To ſhut Folks out, or let Folks in,
And in a pretty wooden-ſteeple
A Low-Bell hung to call the People.
Æneas, and his Friend went thither,
Seeing a many Folks together,
Whoſe miſty Cloaks, ſo well did hide 'um,
That in they went, and no one ſpy'd 'um.
(f) But then they wondr'd to behold
The Images ſo manifold,
That ſtaring ſtood in ſundry places,
As if they would fly in their faces.

(f) *Artificúmque manus inter ſe, operumque labores*
Miratur, videt Iliacas ex ordine pugnas,
Bellâque tam fama totum vulgata per orbem.
Atridas, Priamumque, & ſævum ambobus Achillem.
Conſtitit, & lachrymans: Quis jam locus (inquit) Achate,
Quæ regio in terris noſtri non plena laboris?

Then

Then (quoth *Æneas*) to's Comrade
This Fellow, Maſter was on's Trade
That pictur'd Theſe; Look, look, as I am
An honeſt man, yonders our *Priam*;
See where he ſtands in Silk, and Satten
As he would ſpeak both Greek and Latin;
Whoop! yonder's *Hector* too, and *Troylus*,
Look thee, how here the *Grecians* ſpoil us;
(g) And there our Truſty *Trojans* do
Bang them and pay them, *quid* for *quo*.
Yonder *Achilles* gives a Rap,
With his Cock's feather, in his Cap;
And yonders one, for all's Bravado
Knocks him with luſty Baſtinado.

(g) *videbat, uti bellantes Pergama circum*
Hac fugerent Graii, premeret Trojana *juventus*:
Hac Phryges, inſtaret curru triſtatus Achilles.

How came Theſe here t'be pictur'd thus?
Sure all the World has heard of us.
(h) Whilſt thus *Æneas* ſad, and muddy,
Stood muſing in a dark brown ſtudy;
In comes Queen *Dido*, that fair Lady,
In Apron white as on a *May*-day;
A crew of Royſters waited on her,
Which there were call'd her men of Honour:
All clad in fair Blew-Coats, and Badges,
To whom Queen *Dido* paid good Wages.
(i) Even as a Proper Woman ſhowes
When unto Wake, or Fair ſhe goes,

(h) *Hæc dum* Dardanio *Æneæ miranda videntur,*
Dum ſtupet, obtutúque hæret defixus in uno:
Regina ad templum forma pulcherrima Dido
Inceſſit, magno juvenum ſtipante caterva:
(i) *Qualis in* Eurotæ *ripis, aut per juga* Cynthi
Exercet Diana choros, quam mille ſequuntur
Hinc atq; hinc glomerantur Oreades: illa pharetram
Fert humero, gradiénſque deas ſupereminet omnes.

Clad

Clad in her beſt Apparel, ſo,
Queen *Dido* all this time did ſhow,
And was ſo brave a Buxom Laſs,
That ſhe did all i'th' Town ſurpaſs.
Into the midſt o'th' Church ſhe marches,
And there betwixt a pair of Arches,
Upon a Stool ſet for the nonce,
She went to reſt her Marrow-bones,
And on a Cuſhion ſtuff't with Flocks,
She clapt her dainty pair of Docks.
(k) There *Dido* ſate in State each day,
To hear what any one could ſay,

(k) *Tum foribus divæ, media teſtudine templi,*
Septa armis, ſolióque altè ſubnixa reſedit.
Jura dabat, legéſque viris, operúmque laborem
Partibus æquabat juſtis, aut ſorte trahebat.

Some to rebuke, and for to ſooth ſome;
And give out Laws, wholſome, or toothſome;
To puniſh ſuch as had Inſolence,
And make them good *Nolens*, or *Volens*:
And there likewiſe each morning-tide,
She did the young-mens Tasks divide,
Wherein great Policy did lurk,
Each knew his Jobbe of Journy-work:
And fell about it without Jangling:
But that which kept them moſt from wrangling
Was that they ſtill drew cuts to know,
Whether they ſhould work hard, or no,
And who had th' longeſt cut, and th' beſt,
Had ſtill more work, then all the reſt.

(l) Here

(l) Here whilſt *Æneas* ſqueez'd & thruſt is,
To ſee Queen *Dido* doing Juſtice:
Who ſhould he but his fellows ſpy?
Got into *Dido*'s Company.
There *Antheus* was, (no mortal fiercer)
And one *Surgeſtus* too, a Mercer,
With other *Trojans*, that would vapour;
Cloanthus too the Woollen-Draper:
All which, and forty *Trojans* more,
Were wonderfully got to ſhore.
(m) At This, *Æneas*, and his friend
Were e'en almoſt, at their wits end;

(l) *Cum ſubitò* Æneas *concurſu accedere magno*
Antea, Sergeſtúmq; videt, fortemq; Cloanthum,
Teucrorúmq; alios: ater quos æquore turbo
Diſpulerat, penitúſq; alias advexerat oras.
(m) *Obſtupuit ſimul ipſe, ſimul perculſus Achates:*

Z'lid

Z'lid (*Jove* forgive me, that I ſwear)
Quoth he, how think'ſt thou came they here?
Nay quoth the t'other preſently,
Æneas, what a Pox know I?
(n) *Æneas* was ſo glad on's kin,
He ready was t' leap out on's skin,
And ſo was t'other, for (in ſadneſs)
They were e'en mad, 'twixt fear, and gladneſs,
And yet it ſeems, they were ſo wiſe,
To keep them ſafe in their diſguiſe;
Until their friends, had try'd th' Opinions,
Of the kind-hearted *Carthaginians*.

(n) *Lætitiaq; metuq; avidi conjungere dextras*
Ardebant: ſed res animos incognita turbat.
Dissimulant, & nube cava ſpeculantur amicti,
Quæ fortuna viris: ——————

(o) At

(o) At last they saw one *Ilioneus*,
A *Trojan* very Ceremonious;
A Youth of very fine Condition,
A very pretty Rhetorician;
One that could write, and read; and had
Been bred at Free-School from a Lad,
Thrust up to *Dido* in good fashion,
And thus begins his fine Oration.

(p) O *Queen*, who here hast built a Village,
And keep'st thy Ground in hearty Tillage:
O Thou, who hast the Royal Science,
To Govern Men as wild, as Lyons,

(o) *Postquam introgressi, & coram data copia fandi,*
Maximus Ilioneus placido sic pectore coepit:
(p) *O regina, novam cui condere Jupiter urbem,*
Justitiáque dedit gentes frenare superbas,
Troes te miseri, ventis maria omnia vecti
Oramus, prohibe infandos à navibus ignes:
Parce pio generi, & propius res aspice nostras.

Behold

Behold us here, who look like men,
New eaten, and ſpew'd up again.
So ſpitefully has fortune croſt us,
So wofully the Seas have toſt us.
A few poor *Trojans* here you ſee,
Even as poor, as poor may be;
Thrown on this Shore by Wind, and Weather,
Ill luck, the Divel and all together;
And humbly do beſeech your Grace,
To pitty our moſt woful caſe.
Your Men are all in hurly-burly,
And look upon us grim, and furly,
So that if you be not good to us,
They'll burn our Boats, and quite undo us,
Therefore we pray you ſend ſome one,
To bid'um let our Boats alone.

(q) Alas!

(q) Alas! we come not to purloyne,
Either your Cattle, or your Coyne,
Neither to filch Linnen, or Woollen:
Nor yet to ſteal away your Pullen;
W'have no ſuch knaviſh ends, as theſe;
But only to beg Bread, and Cheeſe.
(r) We were a going to a Place,
A hardiſh kind of Name it has,
Where once your what ſhal'call'ums (rot'um!
It makes me mad I' have forgot 'um)
Liv'd a great while; but now do ſee,
'Tis known by th' Name of *Italy*:

(q) *Non nos aut ferro Libycos populare penates*
Venimus aut raptas ad littora vertere prædas:
Non ea vis animis, nec tanta ſuperbia victis.
(r) *Eſt locus, (Heſperiam Graii cognomine dicunt)*
Terra antiqua, potens armis, atque ubere gleba;
Oenotrii coluere viri; nunc fama, minores
Italiam dixiſſe, ducis de nomine gentem;
Hæc curſus fuit.——

(s) When

(s) When on a ſudden one *Orion*,
Poudr'd upon us, like a Lyon,
And ſquander'd us on Flats, and Shelves,
Enough to make us drown our ſelves:
So that of Sixſcore men, and deſt ones,
Even here (O Queen) are all are left on's.
(t) Then what ſhould aile your *Tyrians* thus
To Scowle, and look askew at us;
Or where the Divel were they bred,
Sure rancker Clowns ne'er liv'd by bread;
And (for to tell your Grace my thought)
I think they're better fed, then taught.

(s) *Cùm ſubitò aſſurgens nimboſus Orion*
In vada cæca tulit, penitúſque procacibus Auſtris,
Pérque undas, ſuperante ſalo, pérque invia ſaxa
Diſpulit, hùc pauci veſtris adnavimus oris:
(t) *Quod genus hoc hominum? quæve hunc tam barbara morem*
Permittit patria?

For (as I am an honest man
Let 'um deny it, if they can)
(u) No sooner landed we to bait us;
But that the Rogues threw Cow-turds at us;
But *Queen*, I hope, thou'lt teach the Wretches,
Henceforth to meddle with their Matches.
(x) *Æneas* once did us command,
A taller fellow of his hand,
Nor honester, ne'er did, or shall,
Draw out a Trapstick to a wall.
If he but live, and that already,
He be not drowned in some eddy,

(u) *Hospicio prohibemur arenæ.*
Bella cient, primaq; vetant consistere terra.
(x) *Rex erat Æneas nobis: quo justior alter*
Nec pietate fuit, nec bello major, & armis.
Quem si fata virum servant, si vescitur aura
Ætherea, nec adhuc crudelibus occubat umbris:
Non metus: officio nec te certasse priorem
Pœniteat ———

You

You of your coſt will ne'er repent you,
For to a penny he'll content you.
(y) Look then o'th' *Trojans*, and befriend'um,
Let's draw our Boats aſhore, and mend'um.
We'll promiſe you if that we meet,
Our Captain with the reſt o'th' Fleet,
And if he be not turn'd t' a Gudgeon,
We towards *Italy* will trudge on;
(z) And if that he ſhall ſtill be lacking,
Then back again we'll ſtreight be packing.

(y) *Quaſſatam ventis liceat ſubducere claſſem,*
Et ſylvis aptare trabes, & ſtringere remos:
Si datur Italiam, ſociis, & rege recepto,
Tendere, ut Italiam læti, Latiúmque petamus:
(z) *Sin abſumpta ſalus, & te, pater optime Teucrûm,*
Pontus habet Libyæ, nec ſpes jam reſtat Iüli:
At freto Sycaniæ ſaltem, ſedeſq; paratas,
Unde huc advecti, regemq; petamus Aceſtem.

(a) *Dido* like woman of good fashion,
Gave special heed to his Relation;
And all the while he did relate it,
Mump't like a Bride, that would be at it.
At last, when he had told his Tale
Mantling like Mare in Martingale
She thus reply'd; *Trojans* be cherry,
Pluck up your Hearts, and rest you merry,
Our Towns-folks here are something wary,
Not that they any Ill-will bear you;
For they are very honest Fellows,
But that of late a Chance befel us.
To tell you true, the other day
When all my folks were gone toth' hay,

(a) *Tum breviter Dido, vultum demissa profatur:*
Solvite corde metum Teucri: secludite curas.
Res dura, & regni novitas me talia cogunt
Moliri——

A luſty Raſcal, ſuch a one
As one of you (diſpraiſe to none)
Comes into th' yard, and off o'th' Hedge,
Where all our Clouts, were hung to Bleach;
Whips me a bran-new Flaxen-Smock,
The very beſt of all my Stock;
And runs away w'it in a Trice:
('T had ne'er been on my back paſt Twice.)
But you I know ſuch baſeneſs ſcorn,
You all are men well bred, and born.
(a) Who has not heard o'th' *Trojan* People,
And of *Æneas*, and his Swipple;
Nor ſhall you find us Dames of *Tyre*,
So farr remov'd from *Phœbus* fire;

(a) *Quis genus Æneadûm, quis Troja neſciat urbem?*
Virtutéſque, virósque, aut tanti incendia belli?
Non obtuſa adeò geſtamus pectora Pœni:
Nec tam aduerſus equos Tyria ſol jungit ab urbe: —

But

But we can cherish lusty Yeomen,
And carry Toyes like other Women.
(b) Therefore you shall, whether you go
Straight on to *Italy*, or no;
Or whether you row on the Main,
To your own Parish back again,
Have what you want; nor will I dun ye,
But pay me when you can get money:
(c) But if you'll tarry here; This Town,
That I now build shall be your own,
And be as free, you *Trojans* shall,
As any *Tyrian* on'um all.

(b) *Seu vos Hesperiam magnam, Saturniaq; arva,*
Sive Erycis fines, regémque optatis Acestem,
Auxilio tutos dimittam, opibúsque juvabo.
(c) *Vultis & his mecum pariter considere regnis?*
Urbem quam statuo, vestra est: subducite naves;
Tros Tyriúsque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.

A Man's a Man, as I have read,
Though he have but a Hose on's Head;
(d) And I could wish, that the same weather
That blew your tatter'd Scullers hither,
Would blow *Æneas* hither too,
And then there were no more to do;
(e) But I'll send out my Men, who knows
But he may now be picking Sloes
In our Town-Woods, or getting Nuts,
For very need to fill his Guts.
(f) *Æneas* in his Misty Cloak,
Heard every word Queen *Dido* spoke.

(d) *Atque utinam rex ipse Noto compulsus eodem*
Afforet Æneas: ——————
—————— (e) *Per littora certos*
Limittam, & Libyæ lustrare extrema jubebo,
Si quibus ejectus sylvis, aut urbibus errat.
(f) *His animum arrecti dictis, & fortis Achates,*
Et pater Æneas, jam dudum erumpere nubem
Ardebunt. ——————

Her

Her Hony-words made his Mouth water,
And he e'en twitter'd to be at her,
But he was so o're joy'd, he stood,
Like a great Sloven made of Wood;
And could not speak (though he were willing)
Would one have g'in him Forty shilling.
(g) At last his Friend jog'd him with's hand;
How like a Logger-head you stand,
Quoth he, for certainly I think,
Thou'rt either mad or in thy drink:
Dost thou not see our Friends all round,
Excepting one, whom we saw drown'd;

(g) *Prior Æneam compellat Achates.*
Nate dea, quæ nunc animo sententia surgit?
Omnia tuta vides, classem sociósque receptos.
Unus abest, medio in fluctu quem vidimus ipsi
Submersum:

And all as well, as Heart can wiſh,
And yet thou ſtand'ſt as mute as Fiſh!
(h) Scarce had he ſpoke, but off he threw
His Mantle made of Miſts ſo-blew,
And ſtood as plainly to be ſeen,
As any there, *God bleſſe the Queen.*
(i) For's Mother had ſo dizend him,
That he ſhould ſhew both neat, and trim;
Though (truly!) he was but an od man,
Splay-mouth'd, Crump-ſhoulder'd like the Go

(h) *Vix ea fatus erat, cùm circumfusa repentè*
Scindit se nubes, & in æthera purgat apertum:
Restitit Æneas, claráque in luce refulsit,
(i) *Os humerósque Deo similis; námque ipse decoram*
Cæsariem nato genitrix, lumenque juventæ
Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflarat honores:

Yet could he not i'th' nick invent
Her Majesty a Complement;
But scratcht his Head, and gan to sputter,
His elbow rub'd, and kept a clutter,
Mopping, and mowing, till at last
All difficulties over-past,
(k) In Courtly-Phrase, it thus came out.
Madam (quoth he) your humble Trout,
That same *Æneas* whom you prize thus,
Is here without *Deceptio Visus*
that same very man am here,
And come to taste of your good Chear.

(k) *Tum si reginam alloquitur, cunctisque repentè improvisus ait: Coràm, quem quæritis adsum Trojus Æneas.*

(l) O *Dido* Primrose of Perfection,
Who only granteſt kind Protection
To wandring *Trojans*, how ſhall wee,
E'er pay Thee, for this Courteſie!
We never can my dainty Friend,
Then let *Jove* do't, and there's an end.
(m) Thus having ended his fine Speech,
Towards the Queen he turn'd his Breech;

(l) *O ſola infandos Troiæ miſerata labores:*
Quæ nos, reliquias Danaûm terræ, mariſq;,
Omnibus exhauſtos jam caſibus, omnium egenos,
Urbe, domo ſocias: grates perſolvere dignas
Non opis eſt noſtræ, Dido: nec quicquid ubiq; eſt
Gentis Dardaniæ, magnum quæ ſparſa per orbem.
Dii tibi (ſi qua pios reſpectant numina, ſi quid
uſquam juſtitiæ eſt, & mens ſibi conſcia recti)
Præmia digna ferant;——
——(m) *Sic fatus, amicum*
Ilioneа petit dextra, lævaque Sereſtum:——
Poſt alios, fortemque Gyan; fortemque Cloanthum.

And spoke to's men, sayes Lads how ist?
Come give me every one a Fist,
How dost thou *Guy*, and S^rs. how do ye?
Now by my troth, I'm glad to see you,
'Tis better being here I trow,
Then where we were a while a go,
No longer since, then yesterday;
Welcome to *Tyre* as I may say,
With that to shaking hands they fall,
And he most friendly shak't them all,
Surely he was no Counterfeiter,
No Bandog could have shak't 'em better.
(n) Queen *Dido* ravish'd to behold,
The Carriage Sweet of this Springold,

(n) *Obstupuit primo aspectu Sidonia Dido,*
Casu deinde viri tanto: & sic ore loquuta est:

Star'd for a while, as ſhe'd look through him,
And then thus brake her mind un'o him,
(o) O Thou who'ſt ſo finely bin bred,
And com'n art ſuch honeſt kindred,
By what ſtrange luck haſt thou been hurry'd
As if the Fates would thee have worry'd
'Tis ſtrange thou haſt not burſt thy hoops
Th'aſt been ſo bang'd about the ſtoops.
(p) Art Thou *Æneas* with great Ware,
So famous for a Cudgel-player
Whom *Venus* with her fine devices
Bore that old Knocker good *Anchiſes*?

(o) *Quis te, nate dea, per tanta pericula caſus*
Inſequitur! quæ vis immanibus applicat oris!
(p) *Tune ille Æneas, quem Dardanio Anchiſæ*
Alma Venus Phrygii genuit Simoentis ad undam?

(q) My

(q) My Father *Belus* went with *Teucer*
(I think he had not many Sprucer)
To take possession of an Island,
That was some Twenty Rood of dry-land.
(r) And he still gave great commendations,
Of *Trojans* 'bove all other Nations;
He could have nam'd you all by dozens
And told me you, and he were Cousins.
(s) Therefore young Men to *Carthage* you,
Are welcome without more a do.

(q) *Aque equidem Teucrum memini Sidona venire,*
Finibus expulsum patriis, nova regna petentem
Auxilio Beli:——
(r) *Ipse hostis Teucros insigni laude ferebat:*
Seque ortum antiqua Teucrorum à stirpe volebat.
(s) *Quare agite, ô tectis juvenes succedite nostris.*
Me quoque per multos similis fortuna labores
Jactatam, hac demum voluit consistere terra.
Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.

&

I have my ſelf (I'de have you know)
Been driven to my ſhifts e'er now;
And therefore in my Juriſdiction,
Pitty a Beaſt, that's in Affliction:
(t) With that ſhe ſtretched forth a hand,
So white, it made *Æneas* ſtand.
Amaz'd to ſee't. (for know that ſhee
Still waſh't her Hands in Chamber-Lee)
And led *Æneas* in kind faſhion,
Towards her Graces Habitation;
And made a Curtzy at the dore,
And pray'd him to go in before;
But he moſt courteouſly cry'd no,
I hope I'm better bred then ſo;

(t) *Sic memorat: ſimul Æneam in regia ducit*
Tecta;

But

But let him ſay what he ſay could,
Dido ſwore *Faith, and Troth* he ſhould;
Well (quoth *Æneas*) I ſee ſtill,
Women, and Fools muſt have their will;
And thereupon, without more talking,
Enters before her proudly ſtalking.

Scarce were they got within the dores;
But *Dido* call'd her Maids all Whores,
And a great coyle, and ſcolding kept,
Becauſe the Houſe was not clean ſwept:
(a) Then all in haſt away ſhe ſends
Victuals unto *Æneas* friends;
Peaſe-Porridge, Bacon, Puddings, Sowſe;
O'th' very beſt, ſhe had i'th' houſe;

(a) *Nec minus interia ſociis ad littora mittit*
Viginti tauros, magnorum horrentia centum
Terga ſuum, pingues centum cum matribus agnos &

Butter

Butter, and Curds, & Cheeſes plenty,
To fill their Guts, that were full empty;
Bidding them eat, and never ſave it,
But call for more, and they ſhould have it.
(b) This being done, the dainty Queen
Conducts the *Trojans* further in,
Into a Parlour neat ſhe takes 'um,
And there moſt fairly welcome makes 'um:
She ſerv'd 'um drink, and victuals up,
As long as they would eat, or ſup,
Whilſt each one there ſo play'd the Glutton,
That he was forced to unbutton.
No ſooner had the *Trojans* bold,
Stuff'd their Guts full, as they would hold;

(b) *At domos interior regali ſplendida luxu*
Inſtruitur, mediiſque parant convivia tectis.

But

But that *Aneas* streight begun,
(c) All-to-bethink him of his Son.
* Now you must know, that he had had,
A wench, and by that wench, a Lad.
The Lasse I reason had to name,
When (be it spoken to their shame)
The *Greeks* when first they took *Troy* City,
Did thrust to death, without all pity:
Of woman-kind sure as I breath
The first that ever dy'd that death.
(d) His Son, *Ascanius* hight, a Page,
About some dozen years of age,
This Boy, *Aneas* sent *Achates*
To fetch, quoth he, since we feed *gratis*,

* See Servius in l. 2.

(c) *Omnis in* Ascanio *chari stat cura parentis.*
(d) Æneas *rapidum ad naves præmittit* Achatem,
Ascanio *ferat hæc, ipsúmque ad mœnia ducat.*

Why ſhould not now my little Baſtard,
(That I dare ſwear will prove no daſtard)
Come to Queen *Dido*'s Houſe, and Feaſt,
As we have done o'th' very Beſt?
Go fetch him then, (e) and let him bring 's
Out of my Coffer, thoſe gay things,
I ſav'd at *Troy*; which for their fineneſs
He ſhall preſent unto her Highneſs.
There is a Riding-hood, and ſafe-guard
Of yellow Lace, bound with a brave guard,
Which *Hellen* wore; the very day,
That *Paris* ſtole her quite away.

(e) *Munera præterea Iliacis erepta ruinis*
Ferre jubet, pallam ſignis, auróque rigentem,
Et circumtextum crocco velamen Acantho,
Ornatus Argivæ, Helenæ: *quos illa* Mycenis,
Pergama *cum peteret, inconceſſóſque* Hymenæos,
Extulerat.

(f) Then

(f) Then there's a Diſtaffe neatly wrought
That *Paris* too for *Hellen* bought,
For carved-work fit to be ſeen,
Betwixt the Leggs of any Queen.
And then there is a fair great Ruffe
Made of a pure, and coſtly Stuffe
To wear about her Highneſs Neck,
Like Mrs. *Cockaynes* in the *Peake*,
And laſt, a Quoiſe, wrought gorgeouſly
With Tinſell, and *Blew-Coventry*:
Then go as faſt, as th' canſt I preethee
And bring him, and theſe Preſents with thee.

(f) *Prætexta ſceptrum, Ilione quod geſſerat olim*
Maxima natarum Priami, colloque monile
Baccatum, & duplicem gemmis auroque coronam.

(g) Away

(g) Away goes he, as he was bidden,
Running as fast, as he had ridden;
But *Venus*, that same cunning Dame
Had yet another Trick to play 'um.
(h) She had no very good Opinion,
Of your so smooth-tongu'd *Carthaginian*;
Nor knew she but the Queen might be
As full of Craft, as Courtesie.
(i) And she was sure that *Juno* would
Do all the Mischief, that she could;
Therefore she in all hast did run,
T' a Boy, call'd *Cupid*, was her Son.

(g) *Hæc celerans, iter ad naves tendebat* Achates.
At Cytherea *novas artes, nova pectora versat*
Consilia———
(h) *Quippe domum timet ambiguam* Tyriosque *bilingues*,
(i) *Urit atrox* Juno———

This *Cupid* was a little tyny,
Cogging, Lying, Peeviſh Nynny;
No bigger then a good *point-tag*;
But yet a vile unhappy wag.
He ne'er would go to Schoole; but play
The Truant every other day;
Run men into th' Breech with pins,
Throw ſtones at Folks, and break their ſhins;
Kill peoples Hens, and ſteal their Chicks,
And do a Thouſand Roguy Tricks:
But with a Bow the Shit-breech'd-elfe
Would ſhoot like *Robin-Hood* himſelf;
And had I warrant every dart,
Poyſon'd with ſuch a ſubtle Art,
That where they hat, their power was ſo
It made Folks love, would they or no:

And for this Trick, the hopeful Youth
Was call'd *the God of Love* forsooth.
To this young Squire Dame *Venus* trotted,
As I (if you have not forgot it)
Told you before, and thus begun,
To Flatter up her Graceless Son,
(k) My Goldylocks, (quoth she) my Joy,
My pretty, little-tyny-Boy;
Thy Mother *Venus* comes to thee
T' implore thy little Deity.
(l) Thou knowest as well as any Other
How *Juno* vile has us'd thy Brother

(k) *Gnate, meæ vires, mea magna potentia, solus*
Gnate, patris summi qui tela Typhœa temnis;
Ad te confugio, & supplex tua numina posco.
(l) *Frater ut Æneas pelago tuus omnia circum*
Littora jactetur, odiis Junonis iniquæ,
Nota tibi.——————

Our

Our poor *Æneas*, what a Clatter,
She made to drown him on the water;
Nay she would do more mischief still,
If the Curst Queen might have her will.
(m) *Æneas* now is at a Place
Call'd *Carthage* with a handsome Lass,
Queen *Dido* nam'd, where now he is
Made on as much, as heart can wish;
(n) But least the Queen should change her mind
As Weather-Cocks do with the wind,
And thorough *Juno's* wiles at last,
Show him a Womans slipp'ry cast;

(m) *Hunc Phœnissa tenet Dido, blandisque moratur*
Vocibus: & vereor, quò se Junonia vertant
Hospitia, h ud tanto cessabit cardine rerum.
(n) *Quocirça capere ante dolis & cingere flamma*
Reginam meditor, ne quò se numine mutet:

My pretty Archer let us Two
Show the Proud Slut what we can do.
My Son *Æneas* does dispatch
Achates, to the Wharfe to fetch
My little Grand-child, who must come,
To sup in *Dido*'s dining-roome.
Now since that thus in short the Case is
And that thou canst so well cut faces:
(o. p) I would have thee to set thy *Phys'-Nomy* in such a shape as his;

(o) —— *Faciem mutatus & ora* Cupido
Pro dulci Ascanio *veniat.*
(p) *Tu faciem illius noctem non amplius unam*
Falle dolo, & notos pueri puer indue vultus:
ut cum te gremio accipiet lætissima Dido,
Regales inter mensas, laticémque Lyæum,
Cum dabit amplexus, atque oscula dulcia figet,
Occultum inspires ignem, fallásque veneno.

And

And go along as meek, and mild,
As any little sucking Child.
When thou com'st there, I know the Queen
Will clip, and kisse thy Cheek, and Chin;
Dandle, and give thee Figgs, and Reasons;
Then must thou play thy Petty-Treasons,
Lick her Lips, Flatter her, and Cog,
And set her Highness so o'th' Gog,
That when she as layd by Fame and Honour,
Thy Brother may to work upon her.
(q) This is my Plot, and that nought crosse it,
I'll make the Child a sleeping Posset.
And when hee's fast, I will him hide
Th' top o'th' Garret upon *Ide*.

(q) *Hunc ego sopitum somno super alta Cythera*
Aut super Idalium sacratâ sede recondam.

(a) *Cupid*, who Miſchief lov'd, I think,
Better by half then Meat, or Drink;
Without all manner of Reply,
Prepares him for his Roguery.
His wings he from his ſhoulders throwes,
Becauſe they'd not go into's Clothes,
And dreſt himſelf to ſuch a wonder,
That none could know the Lads aſunder.
(b) But *Venus* gave t'other a Sop,
That made him ſleep like any Top;
And whilſt he taking was a Nap,
She layd him neatly in her Lap,

(a) *Paret Amor dictis charæ genetricis, & alas*
Exuit, & greſſu gaudens incedit Iuli.
(b) *At* Venus Aſcanio *placidam per membra quietem*
Irrigat, & fotum gremio dea tollit in altos
Idaliæ lucos: ubi mollis amaracus illum
Floribus, & dulci aſpirans complectitur umbra.

And

And Carryed him to a Houſe that ſtood
Upon an Hill in a old Wood:
And when ſhe had the Urchin there,
She laid him up in *Lavander*.
(c) In the mean time, Sir *Cupid* goes
To th' Court in young *Iülus* Clothes;
(d) Who ſhould he ſee when he came there;
But *Dido* ſitting in a Chaire,
I'th' midſt of all the *Trojan* Blades,
Vap'ring, and Swearing at her Mayds.
Under her Feet a Cricket ſtood,
Whereon ſhe ſtampt as ſhe were Wood;

(c) *Jámque ibat dicto parens.* ——— ——
(d) *Cùm venit, aulæis jam ſe regina ſuperbis*
Aurea compoſuit ſponda, mediámque locavit.
Jam pater Æneas & jam Trojana juventus
Conveniunt: ſtrató juc ſuper diſcumbitur oſtro.

And likewiſe there was finely put,
A Cuſhion underneath her Scut.
There as ſhe ſate upon her Crupper,
(e) She bad her Folks to bring in Supper,
And in they brought a Thundring Meal,
Great Joynts of Mutton, Porke and Veal,
Hens, Geeſe, and Turkies, Ducks, and Buſtards,
And at the laſt, Fools, Flawns and Cuſtards,
The *Trojans* eat, and make good Chear
Tunning themſelves with Ale, and Beer,
There was old drinking, and old ſinging,
And all the while, the Bells were ringing,

(e) *Quinquaginta intus famulæ, quibus ordine longo*
Cura penum ſtruere, & flammis adolere penates.
Centum aliæ, totidémque pares ætate miniſtri,
Qui dapibus menſas onerent, & pocula ponant.

One would have thought, by the great Feast,
T'ad been a Wedding at the least.
Whilest thus they eat, and drink, and chat,
(f) *Cupid*, that little Cogging Brat,
So cunning was in Counterfeiting,
Æneas thought him on's own getting.
At last Queen *Dido* in her Lap,
Sets me the Mounte-banking-Ape,
And kist his Lipps all of a Lather,
Then thus bespeaks the new-made Father.
By th' Mack (quoth she) thou *Trojan* trusty,
Thou gott'st This Boy, when thou wert lusty;

(f) *Ille, ubi complexu Æneæ, colloque pependit,*
Et magnum falsi implevit genitoris amorem,
Reginam petit, hæc oculis, hæc pectore toto
*Hæret: & interdum gremio fovet, insci*a Dido,
Insideat quantus miseræ deus.——

And

And any one that does but note him,
May ſoon know who it was begot him;
I dare be ſworn t'was thou didſt get him,
Hee's e'en as like thee, as th'adſt ſpit him.
(g) Whilſt thus the Youth ſhe kiſt, & dandled,
Cupid had ſo the matter handled,
That ſhe began to feel a Grumbling
As People do that would be Tumbling.
(h) When they had Supt, & that the waiters,
Had Trenchers ta'ne away, and Platters;

(g) *At memor ille*
Matris Acidaliæ, *paulatim abolere* Sichæum
Incipit, & vivo tentat prævertere amore
Jampridem reſides animos.
(h) *Poſtquam prima quies epulis, menſæque remotæ:*
Crateras magnos ſtatuunt, & vina coronant.

(i) Up

(i) Up from her Chayre Queen *Dido* starts,
And takes a Mug, that held Two Quarts
Of Drink, that she with much forbearing
Had sav'd long since for her Sheep-shearing:
And thus begins, Here Sirs, here's to you,
And from my heart much good may do you:
(k) *Æneas*, here's a Health to thee,
To *Prosse* and to good Company;
And he that will not do, as I do,
Proclaimes himself no friend to *Dido*.
I do pronounce him to be no Man,
And may he never kisse a Woman.

(i) *Hic ingens gravem gemmis, auroque poposcit,*
Implevitque mero paterâ: quam Belus, & omnes
A Belo soliti ——— ——— ———
(k) *Adsis lætitiæ* Bacchus *dator, & bona* Iuno:
Et vos hoc cœtum Tyrii *celebrate faventes.*

(l) With

(l) With that she set it to her Nose,
And off at once the *Rumkin* goes;
No drop besides her Mussel falling,
Untill that she had supt it all in.
Then turning't * Topsey on her Thumb
Sayes look, here's *Super-naculum*.
Æneas, as the story tells,
And all the Rest did bless themselves,
To see her trowle of such a Pitcher,
And yet to have her Face no richer,
By *Jove* (quoth he) knocking his knuckles;
I'de not drink with her for Shoe-buckles:
But Madam (sayes he) sweetly bowing,
I hope your Grace does not make * plowing;

* *Alias* Keely.

* Ending one and Beginning another.

(l) *Dixit, & in mensa laticum libavit honorem:*
Primaque libato summo tenus attigit ore.

For

For if you do at this large rate,
There will be many an aking pate;
(m) With that he took a lusty Swimmer
Here Sirs (quoth he) I drink this Brimmer
In kind return for our Protections,
Unto Queen *Dido*'s best Affections.
(n) Down went their Cups, and too't they fell,
Roaring and Swaggering pell mell,
(o) Whilst a Blind-Harper did advance,
That wore Queen *Dido*'s Cognizance,
A Minstrel that *Iopas* hight;
Who play'd, and sung to 'um all night,

(m) *Ille impiger hausit*
Spumantem pateram, & pleno se poluit auro.
(n) *Post alii proceres,* (o) *cithara crinitus* Iopas
Personat aurata, docuit quæ maximus Atlas.
Hic canit errantem Lunam.

He ſung them Songs, Ballads, and Catches,
Of Mens Devices, Womens Patches;
With antient Songs of high Renown
And even one, they call'd *Troy Town*:
At that, *Æneas* ſhak't his Noddle,
As one would do an empty Bottle,
(Quoth he) if he that wrote this Ditty,
Had been with us i'th' midſt o'th' City.
When Faggot-ſticks, flew in Folks Chopps,
And knock't men down, as thick as Hopps,
I do believe for all's fine *Chiming*,
He would have had ſmall mind of Riming:
Yet for to give the Divell his due,
Who e're he was the Ballads true.

(p) From

(p) From *Dido* then a belch did fly,
'Tis thought ſhe meant it for a ſigh,
And tears ran down, her fair long Noſe,
The Queen was *Maudlin* I ſuppoſe.

(q) (Quoth ſhee) *Æneas* out of Jeſting,
Thou needs muſt tell at my Requeſting,
All the whole Tale of *Troyes* Condition,
Since firſt you troubled were with *Grecian*;
Hectors great Fights, and *Priams* Speeches,
And eke deſcribe *Achilles* Breeches,

(p) *Infelix* Dido, *longúmque libebat amorem.*
(q) *Multa ſuper* Priamo *rogitans, ſuper* Hectore *multa?*
Nunc quibus Aurora *venirſet filius armis;*
Nunc quales Diomedis *equi, nunc quantus* Achilles:
Immo age, & à prima dic hoſpes origine nobis
Inſidias, inquit, Danaûm, caſúſque tuorum,
Erroréſque tuos. —— ——

How

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Errorésque tuos.

How

How ſtrong he was, when he did grapple,
And if *Tydides* horſe were dapple.
Tell me I ſay of *Paris* Lechery,
The *Grecians* Quarrels, and there Trechery,
Your Challenges, your Fights, and Battles,
And how you loſt your Goods and Chattles;
And to what Places you have wander'd
E're ſince you were ſo baſely Squander'd.
All theſe things would I know moſt duly,
Then tell me ſpeedily, and truly.

FINIS.